SCS

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TO THE CHILDREN

Susan	Cindy
Chuck	Gege
Jimmy	David
Kay	John

This would be a better record of the intertwined lives of the Roushes and the Shadeggs had I started it 50 years ago and added a chapter or so with each succeeding year.

Memory is not always a reliable witness. Genie might make some additions or corrections. Perhaps Jack and Vera could contribute. But there aren't that many of us left who were here in 1932 -- and it was in 1932 that I met Dow Ben Roush.

This chronicle will have probably over much of the Shadeggs in it -- but I don't really know how else to tell the story.

I grew up in Redlands, California, from the time I was about five years old on. I went to grammar school and high school -- then won a scholarship at the Pasadena Community Playhouse School of Theatre, entering there in the Fall of 1931.

It was the depth of the Depression. I managed to hang on for a year when most actors were starving.

In July of 1932, I married Byrnice Crist -- the daughter of F. H. and Byrnice Crist of Phoenix. That Fall I went to work selling Postal Benefit life insurance policies. I also became interested in the Phoenix Little Theatre on McDowell.

I was assigned to direct "100 Years Old" -- a play by Quintaro. We held readings in Ebon Lane's real estate

office on West Adams about across from the Orpheum Theatre -- in a building which has since been torn down or taken over entirely by the telephone company.

A young, curly-haired guy read for the part of Trino, Pappa Juan's grandson. He was, I thought at the reading, somber, humorless and much too serious for the role -- so I cast a guy named Robertson instead. Dan Henderson played the role of Pappa Juan and the play was acclaimed by the critics. What critics were there in Phoenix in 1932!? But in the course of this production I became acquainted with Dow Ben Roush.

Selling insurance cold turkey in Mesa, I called on all the high school teachers and one of them proved to be an attractive lady named Mary Elizabeth Spalding. She did not buy any life insurance but she was very pleasant to this eager, clumsy salesman -- and in the course of our conversation I learned that she was engaged to Dow Den Roush.

Ben was reading law in Pat's office. I think he had taught at Phoenix Junior College and through the Theatre I became acquainted with Pat Hayes and Ray Alee.

Pat was a delightful gentleman. He, Dan Henderson and Ray Alee were this young man's best friends. We frequently had lunch at Donofrio's and Ben would join us.

Our favorite lunch was a bowl of vegetable soup and a hard roll -- the cost, 25¢.

We ate on the second floor balcony. If you remember Donofrio's -- they had a confectionery store where the Security Building is. They had a fountain and some wire legged tables downstairs and then a balcony with perhaps 10 or 12 tables. Ned Leonard was the manager.

Of course next door was Jerry Doyle's Smoke Shop -- where all the young bloods gambled, either on the pinball machine or the horses.

In the next 2 or 3 years I learned to appreciate Ben Roush's lighhearted sense of humor. He played a role in "Hay Fever", Noel Coward's delightful comedy. He played opposite Jerry Wolfe and I believe Warren Hunder -- I do not remember the name of the other girl.

Ben played Sandor Tauri in my production of Frence Molnar's "The Play's The Thing". Oh, another name I will drop in -- Vi Driskell was in "Hay Fever" -- and Dottie Sterling played Illena Azabo, the actress in "The Play's The Thing".

I think now I've lost the chronology -- I believe this production was in 1949.

At any rate, when Ben and Betty were married I was not invited to the wedding but I was invited to a party -- which I believe was held at Mimi Spalding's house on North 8th Avenue, between Roosevelt and Fillmore. Mimi was Betty's mother.

You may remember that Mimi was a dear friend of Henry Coerver of the First National Bank. The bank had a great many houses on which they had foreclosed. You could not sell an empty house and they went to pot if they were unoccupied. So Mimi became the bank's house sitter -- free rent for moving in, making the house look attractive -- and then when the house was sold they found another place for Mimi. I remember two -- the one on 8th Avenue and one on Moreland. Also in a hazy way I remember "the dog house" which was on 15th Avenue -- a place that Ben and Betty occupied. I think it was their first house where they lived alone. Later on they built a house on the corner of Encanto and 16th Avenue. The builder was an old timer by the name of Earl Bezey and he did a fine job.

Ben didn't practice law immediately after he was admitted bacause times were too tough. He had a job as a legal officer with the WPA.

That job enabled Ben to buy a Cheverolet Coupe -- the first one I ever saw with what they called "knee action". It made for a mighty fine ride but the front end just would not stay in line.

I think the year was 1934 or 1936. The head of the Highway Patrol -- a glorified speed cop operation created by the legislature with the approval of the governor to provide some easy patronage jobs for the governor -- was an old unredeemable pirate named Riley Bryan and Benji started a series on KOY to glorify the Highway Patrol.

It was about this time that Burridge Butler bought KOY from Neilson and moved it from the bowling alley across from the Westward Ho to an arcade building which was owned by a retired Cleveland railorad man named Baldwin. He was a delightful gentleman -- a good friend of Dan Henderson -- and of course I had met him many times.

In 1935 -- or possibly early 1936 -- I started doing radio programs on KTAR. My first commission was a series of historical reports for the Holsum Bakery called "Tales of Pioneer Days".

I had earlier tried to get a job on KOY reading poetry -- Jack Williams thought he could read poetry. He couldn't, and after "Tales of Pioneer Days", I landed a job doing a poetry program called "The Vagabond's House" for the Central Arizona Light and Power Company -- of which Milton Sanders was the General Sales Manager.

The next thing I did was a dramatization for the M & M -- Merchants and Manufacturers Association -- with C. B. Arnold, their fraud expert. We did a series of 15-minute playlets on how the crooks were out to get you. I needed actors and actresses and Ben and Betty Roush appeared in many of those scripts.

The next step was Joe Rice -- who asked me to do a series on the pioneer firms of Phoenix. I thought the idea didn't have much merit until we got into it. Then I discovered there were some long time Phoenix firms. All of them had exciting histories. And it was a shrewd move on Rice's part because by flattering these firms he acquired a lot of deposits.

When Burridge Butler bought KOY, Lloyd Isley and Charlie Becker decided they would move "Tales of Pioneer Days" from KTAR to KOY and try to reach a new market.

However, KTAR and its general manager, Richard Heath, had a firm policy that no one could appear on their station if they appeared on any other radio station.

KTAR was then owned by the Arizona Republic and the Electric Equipment Company and the Republic was a very exclusive organization. They would not tolerate an advertiser who advertised in any other printed media. And their radio station -- with Howard Pyle as its star -- was considered number 1. They looked on KOY as an upstart and they did not want any of their talent going to KOY.

Confronted with the choice of dropping the Holsum Bakery Program (which was a three times a week show for which I got $15.00 a program), or giving up the Joe Rice show (for which I got $25.00 once a week) and the M & M show (for which I got $25.00 once a week), I didn't know what to do!!

Joe Rice settled it for me by saying -- "To hell with KTAR" -- he would move his show to KOY, too.

It was about this time that I rented an old Goofy Golf caddy house at the corner of Culver and Central, did some modest repairs, and made it into a studio where I could teach speech and write my radio shows. I paid Mr. Joy $10.00 a month.

Burridge Butler was very anxious to acquire other radio stations. There was a station in Tucson not doing well and he suggested to Ben that Ben buy it. Ben did not have a lot of money but he found a couple of partners -- One was Arlo Woolery, who owned a radio station in Bisbee. And they took over the station, changed the call letters to KTUC. Ben and Betty moved to Tucson. I think by this time Susie was born and Butchie was born.

My marriage was not working out very well. Byrnice Crist was not happy with me as a provider -- for which I cannot blame her -- and we separated.

I met Eugenia Kehr at Ben and Betty's house on 8th Avenue. She says now she had a very dim impression of me because I kept my hat on too much of the time. At any rate, I courted Genie on the Roush's sofa in the front room of that house and various other places -- including the Sylvan glade just behind the Encanto Golf Course.

Genie and I were very much in love and wanted to get married but I had no dough and no prospects.

Genie went to work at KOY as an announcer and a writer. I think she got $65.00 a month. And then Neighbor Palmer -- who was the manager for Butler -- persuaded me to drop the programs and come to KOY at a magnificent salary of $200.00 a month, which I thought was great.

The job lasted about ten months, during which time I wrote and produced all of the shows I had done as an independent producer -- did some announcing -- wrote programs for the station (including the one when we joined the CBS network) -- did a broadcast of the Smoki Dance from Prescott -- and things looked pretty good. They would have been had it not been for Neighbor Palmer.

Palmer thought his mission in life was to screw every female employee at the station.

I'd go to work to write a radio program and my stenographer or secretary -- whoever was assigned to type for me -- would interrupt with a recital of Palmer's latest conquest.

Neighbor's idea of the way to charm a girl was to get her somewhere -- in a car or a hotel room -- and then drop his pants.

Now I remember the name of the guy who owned the building. His name was Baldwin. And he was the titular president of KOY.

When the scene with Palmer became unbearable, I went to Baldwin and made a full report -- thinking that Baldwin would report to Butler and they would get rid of Palmer. They didn't.

Then I left KOY and started attempting to write for magazines. This I believe was about the first of January 1938. Ben and Betty were in Tucson and when we could afford the gasoline, Genie and I would drive down to see them.

(Let me tell you of the birth of Charles D. Roush)

Ben had a Ford convertible he had taken from Alexis Lane in lieu of a legal fee for getting Lex a divorce. Ben had taken Betty to Good Sam expecting the baby to be born. I'm sure this is before they went to Tucson and I've lost the chronology. But Chuck would know because he knows when he was born!

At noon, Genie and Ben and I went to the hospital to check on Betty. I had a sedan and we went in my car. I think we had lunch at Phil Torry's on the corner of Central and Roosevelt before we went.

We drove in on the street just behind the hospital where the old entrance was. There was a long walk from the street to the back door of the hospital.

Benji disappeared and Genie and I waited, thinking he would come out and tell us he had a baby and we could come in, or whatever. After about 30 or 40 minutes Ben came out and walked directly to the car. He didn't look from side to side or backwards. And there behind him was Betty, and Betty was carrying her suitcase. Ben helped Betty into the

car and did not say a word -- he put the suitcase in the trunk and we drove them home. I think to the house on 15th Avenue.

Ben was very provoked with Betty because of the false alarm. For the next two or three days he drove her on the roller coaster road behind Camelback Mountain in that old Ford convertible -- hoping the rough ride would induce labor. At any rate, Chuck was finally born -- and I guess no harm was done by the rough riding.

When Benji undertook to get hold of the radio station in Tucson, he told Mr. Butler that he and his partners did not have enough capital to make the required deposit at the time the license would be transferred.

The FCC required that a new licensee have at least $25,000 in the bank to guarantee solvency.

Burridge Butler said to Ben, "Don't worry about it, Benji. When the time comes and you need the money, I'll put it up."

The time came. Ben came up to Phoenix to see Mr. Butler. Butler appeared to be pleased the station was on a profit making basis but made no offer of the deposit for the license transfer.

When Ben finally asked him point-blank if he would put up the $25,000, Butler said yes, of course he would, but he would not put money into anything he didn't control; therefore, it would be necessary for Ben and his partners to convey 51% of the stock to Burridge D. Butler.

Ben was not about to become an employee of Burridge Butler. His partners agreed to the transaction but Ben dropped out -- and soon thereafter found a job with a station in El Paso, Texas, which I believe was KROD.

(I'm going to go through all of my negatives. I have photographs of Benji at the microphone and we'll know what the station was.)

The year and one-half I spent trying to write for publication was a pretty lean period. My mother could send me $25.00 a month and I lived on that for about six months until I sold my first story. Then I began to sell fairly regularly to the pulp detective magazines. I did a piece for Coronet and I sold some things to the Arizona Highways -- although that might have been later.

In 1937 or 1938, Burridge Butler had offered the Chamber of Commerce 13 30-minute programs on WLS in Chicago to promote Phoenix.

Milton Sanders -- who was important in the Chamber of Commerce -- suggested that I be employed to write a series of historical dramatizations. I did and they were produced by Howard Essery in Los Angeles -- about 15 minutes of Western music and 15 minutes of historical dramatization.

The series was considered very successful. I got $50.00 a show for writing it -- but, it eventaully led to my being employed by the State of Arizona to go to the World's Fair in San Francisco.

A man named Herring -- who lived in Glendale and had some political connections -- was named by the State to manage the exhibit. They also put Herring in charge of the New York exhibit. He was looking for someone to manage it. I suggested Mimi Spalding and Herring ultimately hired Mimi. With a steady job -- the State offered to pay me $350.00 a month and give me $25.00 for expenses for doing publicity -- I took the job at the fair in San Francisco. Genie and I were Married February 14, 1939. We went to San Francisco -- Mimi went to New York.

Genie and I found an upstairs apartment not far from the University of California in Berkeley. I traveled to the fair each day on the Key System or the ferry. And in my time off I continued to write -- with Genie doing the typing.

The editors had become quite friendly and had some confidence in me and during that period we sold 2 or 3 stories each month -- which added to my $350.00 a month salary at the fair and made us feel very affluent.

When the fair closed early in October of 1939, Genie and I decided we would move to Los Angeles or a suburb because there just wasn't enough material in the Phoenix area to enable me to write a story a week -- and that would be about what we would have to do if we were to make a living.

Because Genie's brother Phillip and sister-in-law Virginia lived in Altadena -- and I had lived in Pasadena -- we decided to rent a house on Chester Street in Pasadena. A house for which we paid $50.00 a month.

I made friends with the Los Angeles Sheriff's Office and the cops -- and prospects looked pretty good.

In December of 1939, Ben and Betty came over to California to visit Mimi and Luther. Ben had a new Studabaker Champion with an overdrive and they all came up to our house on Chester Street to play poker a number of times during that visit.

When vacation was over and Ben and Betty were ready to head back to El Paso, Genie and I decided to ride to Phoenix with them to visit Pappy and Hanna -- which we did. Then we returned to Chester Street. And, after that Christmas we had what I have always called "the ivy period".

This narrative will have little interest to the Roush children but it belongs here.

For Christmas Virginia gave Genie a pot of ivy. We put it in the gloomy front room of the Chester Street house and it doubled in size. The leaves were luxuriously green. And, as I recall, it was the only thing in our married life that ever grew for Genie.

Because our own financial fortunes appeared to be bright, we traded in Genie's black convertible -- which she called the Black Prince -- on a used 1939 yellow Buick sedan.

We bought the car from Howard Motor Company. It had less than 10,000 miles on it. And for its day, it was a super fine automobile. But, suddenly misfortune struck.

I would query an editor and get no answer. This went on for about three weeks. And then Lionel White, who had never rejected a story, sent back two. Bill Swanberg sent back one. West Peterson sent back one. The editor of McFadden, whose name I don't remember, sent back a story. And with no income, it appeared that we were on the verge of starvation.

The mailman came twice a day -- once at about 9:00 in the morning and then about 3:00 in the afternoon. When he came by one morning at 9:00 and didn't stop, I said to Genie, "Let's get out of here. We can go to Hollywood, have the service done on the car (which was due us and wouldn't cost anything), go to a movie. Then we'll be out long enough so that when we come back the mailman may have been here."

Genie agreed that we didn't want to sit around the house until 3:00 to see if the mailman would stop. So I got the car out of the garage. She was coming out the

front door and she said, "Wait a minute."

I didn't know what she intended to do, so I waited. Then I noticed that she was carrying the pot of ivy out the side door towards the back yard.

I rushed out to see what she was doing.

Well, Genie said that she'd heard ivy was bad luck -- and we'd certainly had some bad luck!

I told her that was a childish superstition and expressed dismay that she would believe in such a thing -- but she left the ivy out back.

We went to Hollywood, saw some silly movie picture and returned to Chester Street about 4:30 in the afternoon.

There was nothing in the mailbox.

I pointed out to Genie that her superstitions about the ivy had nothing to do with the whims of the New York editors and suggested we bring the ivy back into the front room. She refused.

I proceeded to fix supper. I'll never forget it. We were going to have corned beef hash with a poached egg on top.

I had the hash neatly browned and was just about to dump the eggs in the water when the phone rang. It was Western Union with a telegram informing me that Lionel White had purchased the story and wanted the pictures.

Genie immediately pointed out that the ivy had been out of the house less than 12 hours and we had made a sale.

I put the eggs in the water. Before I could take them out, the phone rang again. It was Western Union -- Bill Swanberg had bought two stories and wanted the pictures.

From nothing to $750.00 in less than 30 minutes -- I began to believe the ivy superstition.

Now I must retreat a little chronologically. Earl McPherson -- who had been a boyhood friend of mine -- had come to Phoenix in the mid-30s and, of course, we introduced Earl to Ben and Betty. At one point, Earl came back and

moved in with me in the little studio on Culver. He had no money. I had no money. He had no bed so we borrowed one from Ben and Betty.

Somewhere -- I think at Arrowhead Resort -- Mac had met a married woman whose first name was Leslie. Her husband was a prominent L.A. lawyer and very wealthy.

Leslie and Mac had a thing going and Mac was living in a studio she'd rented for him near her home in Beverly Hills. Her husband was suing for a divorce but Leslie was going to stick with Mac. She arranged for him to meet the Brown and Bigelow people. And, ultimately, he was hired by Brown and Bigelow to do illustrations in the Petty tradition.

At Leslie's house, Genie and I had been introduced to a movie director named Collier Young.

One evening just for entertainment we played one of the records that I had written for WLS -- having the dramatization of the story of the Baron of Arizona.

Now, I'll return to chronology. When we finished our corned beef hash and poached eggs, the phone rang again. And this time it was a man who said his name was Manny Wolfe. He was a Hollywood agent. He said he thought I was going to go to work for RKO and that he thought he could get me more in the way of salary than I'd get if I didn't have an agent. Would I please come and have lunch with him at the Beverly Wilshire Hotel the next day?

I did. A week later I was working for RKO -- assigned to work with Bartlett Cormack on a screen version of a C. B. Kelland story, "The Valley of the Sun". I was signed on at a salary which was more per week than I had ever made in a month in my life. Collier Young was the story editor at RKO and the producer was Bob Sisk.

With visions of wealth and Hollywood grandeur in our hearts, Genie and I moved to a nice house on South Fairfax, not far from Beverly Hills. The commute from Pasadena to RKO was just too long.

When we finished the script for "Valley of the Sun" -- as I recall it was about a 22 or 23 week assignment -- Genie and I decided to take a week off and drive over to Phoenix to visit Pappy and Hanna. This I believe would be in late November of 1940.

In the summer of 1940, we had made a lengthy trip going first to El Paso to visit Ben and Betty and Susie and Butchie. Then to Colorado to visit Dick and Jean Adams.

NOTE: In my negatives -- prints of which I will send you -- are photographs of the Roushes and the Shadeggs at Carlsbad Caverns, at Billy the Kid Museum in Messilla, New Mexico, and various other places.

On this summer visit, Ben and I were at the station where he had some urgent business to take care of and we promised the girls to take them across to Juarez for a fillet mignon steak dinner. You could buy a good steak for 35¢. And Betty had promised to make guacamole -- which we would eat at the El Paso house with a beer or two before going to Juarez.

Because Ben and I were a little late getting home, Betty and Genie had eaten all of the guacamole and were not in a very friendly mood.

Now, the Roushes had a maid -- whose name I don't remember but I'm sure Susie and Chuck will remember. She was the most God-awful cook in the world. She could prepare fried eggs with more grease than Benji ever put on a camp cooked egg -- and he put a hell of a lot of grease on his camp cooked eggs. But the woman was reliable and she took care of Butchie and Susie when Betty, Ben, Genie and I went to Carlsbad and to New Mexico.

Now, getting back to the chronology. In late November of 1940, Genie and I spent a couple of days with Pappy and Hanna in Phoenix and were headed back to Fairfax. We got about as far west as Peoria -- or perhaps ten miles further -- and we'd been talking about how much we missed Ben and Betty. And how it just wasn't the same to come to Phoenix and not see them. It was about 11:00 at night. We decided to turn around and drive to El Paso and see them. And we did.

The trip was pretty miserable. It was cold in New Mexico. And the Southwind gasoline car heater we had quit working about the time it got cold.

At any rate, Ben and Betty were delighted to see us. We spent a day or two. Then Ben and Betty decided that Betty and Susie and Chuck would drive back to California with us so they could spend Christmas with Mimi and Luther.

Ben would come over on the train and take them all back after Christmas.

The following anecdote will have a special meaning to Susie and Butchie. Betty and Susie and Butchie were in the back seat -- Genie and I in the front seat. We stopped in Safford for lunch.

A most solicitous waitress was taken by Chuck -- who was a very appealing young fellow -- and insisted he eat his vegetables.

At some point between Globe and Superior Susie said, "Mommie, what's the trouble with Butchie?"

Butchie was very quiet and pale. Betty replied, "Oh, he's just thinking, Susie."

At which point the lunch came up -- all over Butchie's nice little Eaton jacket and short pants and the back of the car. I stopped and got out and ran away because I couldn't stand the smell.

With vomit still on his face, Butchie said, "I told that lady something like this would happen if she made me eat my spinach."

Betty and Genie cleaned Butchie up as best they could -- stripped off his soiled clothing and we came on into Phoenix. Butchie and Susie went to see their Uncle Pat and their Aunt Susie but Butchie wasn't wearing his go to meeting clothes. As I recall he had on a little pair of coveralls.

About 9:00 that night we left and drove to the Fairfax house in California.

Betty, Chuck and Susie were going to stay with us for a week because Mimi had a very small apartment. Then they would go to Mimi's for a day or two. Ben would arrive -- the holidays would be over -- then they would all return to El Paso.

About the 5th or 6th morning we were home the phone rang at 7:00 a.m. When I answered it -- still half asleep -- the voice at the other end said, "Do you know Ben Roush?"

It was Ben's voice. I said, "Of course I know Ben Roush." "Well," he said, "if you want him, come get him." I said, "Where are you?" Ben said, "I'm at the train station."

I dressed, drove down to the L.A. train depot, found Ben -- who had as I recall a couple of suitcases and a laundry bag full of something or another.

Ben had decided the Roushes would no longer live in El Paso. They did not like it -- it was dirty and noisy -- and there were a lot of Mexicans. He had sold the car, the household furniture -- including some wonderful cast iron corn sticks which Mimi had given to Betty, and in which Betty baked the most marvelous corn bread I ever ate.

Well, Ben and Betty stayed with us for quite a while, while Ben went job hunting. He got one with the Firestone Tire and Rubber Company in Southgate.

Ben and Betty rented a little house in Southgate which was poorly constructed. The walls wept when the weather was humid. But Ben did very well at Firestone.

In the meantime, Genie and I were becoming disillusioned with Hollywood, with the moving pictures, and particularly with the size of the Los Angeles community.

We had really only three sets of friends -- Ben and Betty, who lived in Southgate -- Howard Essery and his girl, who lived in the middle of Los Angeles -- and Phil Kehr and Virginia, who lived in Altadena.

To see any one of them was a momentous undertaking. We'd call Ben and Betty and try to get together on Tuesday. They were busy -- we'd set it for Thursday. Thursday Genie and I would leave home when I came back from the studio about 5:00. We'd get to Southgate about 6:30. We'd have dinner, play poker until 11:00, then get home after midnight.

The trip to Altadena wasn't quite as long but it still was an excursion.

Genie and I kept talking about the casual life in Phoenix and how we'd much rather spend the years we had where we wanted to live than spend them in Hollywood, no matter how much dough they might throw at us.

About this time I was working for Graham Baker. A studio upheaval resulted in my going off the payroll without any advance notice. And because the checks were so large, when there were no checks, you were extremely poor.

Genie and I had done one smart thing -- we had sent every dollar we could put our hands on to Phoenix for deposit in Joe Rice's First Federal.

By Spring our minds were almost made up. We thought the war situation was terrible -- it might get worse. But we were confident I could make a living writing for magazines in Phoenix. We came back in June -- saying goodbye to our friends, Ben and Betty, with their assurances that they too would return to Phoenix at the earliest possible moment.

Genie and I had saved enough money to buy the lot on East Missouri. We qualified for an FHA loan and we found a builder named Jim Samuels who would build the house we had planned in California -- modified in Phoenix -- for a total cost of $10,500.

We built the studio first. I did most of the building on it. It wasn't the size it is now but it was big enough for Genie and me to live in while the house was being built.

Early in December Betty came over to visit us. She was to return to Los Angeles on the train the night of December 6. Either that night or the night before we met I believe at Jack Williams' apartment downtown. Those present were Don Seeds, Vera, Jack, Genie, Betty, and me. I don't think Jack and Vera were married at the time -- although they might have been.

We talked about the immanence of war and concluded that the U.S. would never get in -- we were too smart. And we played Madam Fifi.

Madam Fifi is a riddle game where two conspirators communicate in Madam Fifi language and Madam Fifi ultimately identifies the place or the personage selected by the other players unbeknownst to Madam Fifi.

As we all know, the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor on the morning of the 7th of December, and Betty arrived in Los Angeles at about that time.

On the way home she had decided to send me a Happy Birthday telegram in Madam Fifi language. She'd worked it all out and she took it to the Western Union counter to have it sent to me.

The clerk stalled for a little bit. Betty was somewhat perplexed. Ben was there to meet her. And, suddenly, two gendarmes appeared and demanded she explain the code.

I don't think Betty looked like a Japanese spy, but everybody was pretty jumpy. When she explained the code and what it meant, I think the gendarmes were considerably chagrined.

Genie and I moved into the house on East Missouri shortly after Christmas 1941. Cindy was born in 1942 -- Gege in 1944. Our friends were Paul and Betty Roca, Betty Condon and Dan Condon (who was then away in the Navy), Joe and Katie Lentz, and a host of people involved in the Little Threatre.

Just before Genie and I went to San Francisco, Lon Jordan had asked me to help him with his campaign for sheriff. When we came back to Phoenix, of course the Sheriff's Office was a source of material and I became acquainted with Ernie Roach. When Lon died, Roach asked me to run his campaign -- which I did. I believe the year was 1942.

Roach was re-elected in 1944 -- died before he could take office -- Cal Boyce became sheriff. Cal was a good friend of mine until the day he died.

At the time we built the house on East Missouri there were just six houses between our house and Central Avenue, and Missouri was dirt from 16th to 24th Street, where it dead ended. Twentieth Street dead ended at Bethany Home Road. There was a Jap gardener across the street from us and the Bretals had just bought a house which had belonged to a doctor -- which was the only house on the north side of Missouri between the Hall's house and 24th Street.

During the war it was hard to get shotgun shells but Vern Lamore could get shells -- he was with the Sheriff's Office. He liked to eat Morning Dove and White Wing. I could get up at daylight and shoot a limit of either bird standing on the corner lot of 20th Street and Missouri.

About 1944 I noticed a fellow named John Arhnold -- who was with the M & M -- drive up and park on the lot and walk around. I went over to see what he was doing. He said he was thinking of buying it and told me the price.

I said if he didn't buy it to please let me know.

Jack Arhnold decided not to buy the lot. I called Ben in California and said we could buy it for a certain price. Ben said, "Buy it -- I'll take it." So I went down to the real estate people and made a modest deposit on the lot -- started the paper work -- and that's how Ben and Betty bought the lot at the corner of Missouri and 20th Street.

When the war was over Ben and Betty, Susie and Butchie, came back to Phoenix. Ben went to work for me at S-K Research.

Whoops!! As you have discovered by now my memory is not chronological.

In 1936 and 1937 I suffered dreadfully from hay fever. A friend of mine -- whom I met on the golf course -- named Norm Thompson was working as a lab technician for Dr. E. A. Gatterdam. Norm brought me a bottle of medicine and told me to take drops at night and morning. This was Pollen-X. In 30 days I had my hay fever under complete control.

Larry and Mary Alice Henderson were two good friends of ours -- by that I mean the Shadeggs and the Roushes (although the Shadeggs were not married at the time). Larry became very interested in the Pollen-X product. He was from Indiana and was a personal friend of Justin Dart -- who then managed the Walgreens chain because he was married to the Walgreen daughter.

Larry had an idea that if we could get Dr. Gatterdam to sell us the formula we could market the product through Walgreens. Larry contacted Dart. He was very interested and said he would place an initial order of sufficient size to enable us to furnish and equip a laboratory.

Gatterdam was a pioneer allergist. He also was L.A. Kehr's personal physician when L. A. lived in Prescott.

After some tedious negotiations Gatterdam decided it would not be ethical to sell the formula for what he termed a "patent medicine use" and the project died.

In 1940, when Genie and I were living on Fairfax, L. A. Kehr went to see Gatterdam on a professional matter and Gatterdam -- who knew that I had married L. A.'s daughter -- asked L. A. "if Steve is still interested in Pollen-X?"

L. A. wrote us a note about it. I said we were and negotiations were resumed.

L. A. was in Tucson auditing some construction work. Ben and I came over from California -- visited with Gatterdam -- visited with L. A. -- and concluded the arrangements to take two or three of Gatterdam's products. One was Adreno-Mist -- for the relief of asthma. The other major one, Pollen-X -- for the treatment of hay fever.

We formed a corporation. I believe Ben was the attorney -- at least he wrote the original contract. Gatterdam was to get a 10% royalty and to serve as the medical director of our laboratory.

It was my scheme to sell the products by direct mail. Gatterdam thought the asthma product would be more marketable because with Pollen-X dosage became a problem.

I went to an advertising agency in Los Angeles. We prepared our first brochure and the order forms, the sales letters, and stuffed the first mailing at the Fairfax house. The way the paper was folded you turned and it said "Until Now", and the next line was "Only Adreno-Mist". We repeated that line many times as we stuffed the envelopes. I had worked at the studio with Garson Kaynon and Genie improvised a little ditty -- "Garson Kaynon, Garson Kaynon, oh, could he sew, could he sew." And with these rhythmical supports we stuffed about 4,000 letters and put them in the mail in Los Angeles. However, we had rented a post office in Phoenix -- P. O. Box 230 -- and a small office in the Security Building.

Hanna got the mail -- Gatterdam manufactured the product -- and we began to sell Adreno-Mist.

When Ben was thinking of coming back to Phoenix he was over here for a visit. I had been operating S-K Research out of the studio and it was doing fairly well. But Ben insisted that we'd have to move to a regular business location and he thought we could expand the sales -- which we did. We built the building at 377 North Third Avenue in 1944. In order to do so we had to get a lot of special permits because the government was not allowing any building. However, ours was an essential product and we got some special benefits. The building could not use much lumber because lumber was scarce. Consequently, all of the interior partitions were of concrete block.

Harold Eckman designed the first building -- which had about 1,800 square feet in it. Later on we added about 1,000 square feet out front -- which at first I rented to Joe Thrift and then later to Barry Goldwater after the 1952 election.

With this background, it was quite natural that Ben would come to work for S-K Research when he finally moved back to Phoenix.

Ben and Betty lived in a rented house on Vernon for about a year. There was still a restriction on new building but Ben was anxious to get some kind of a house on the corner lot.

Finally Ben made arrangements to buy a house which was being moved from McCormick Ranch. The day the movers brought the house into the lot, the government lifted its restrictions -- but so goes the world!

Ben and Betty did a great deal of remodeling. They found a wonderful old carpenter -- whose name I disremember -- and seemed to be very happy. Kay was born and then Jimmy, if I am correct in my memory. And at our house David was born and then John.

Ben worked for me but I don't know how many years. I think 3 or 4. During this time we expanded the business considerably and he purchased what came to be known in the family as "Roush's Folley".

A snoopy bastard from the Institutes of Health came through and said that our autoclave was not big enough -- that we had to have the hospital size. So Ben bought an autoclave that cost us $2,000. We had to knock out a wall to install it and put in some piping. Then the next inspector came and said, "You don't need that big an autoclave."

At any rate, Ben was itching to get back into the law and Ed Beauchamp offered him a job as a deputy county attorney -- it might have been Francis Donofrio -- but I think it was Beauchamp -- then Franny succeeded Beauchamp.

During this period Ben and I were very close to the Sheriff's Office and we had a great many adventures, including the story of the toy turkeys -- which probably belongs in this narrative.

We shared the same domestic help. We had a man of all trades named Bill Dowell -- a big black who worked hard when he worked but he loved the wine. His wife -- whose name I think was Amanda -- worked for Betty one day a week and for Genie one day a week. Ben and I would buy Bill Dowell's car back from the repossessor about once every three or four months.

These were the years the children were growing up. John and Jimmy had their little boys private talking club. There was a tree house in our back yard. The girls rode Mac. And we split the pasture so there would be a path with easy access from our house to the Roush's house.

On my desk as I dictate this is a book entitled "The Treasury of the Familiar" -- great poems and prose. On the flyleaf is written, "To Steve on his birthday, 1952. Doc Ben and Betty." In my bookcase there is "Bartlett's Quotations" and on the flyleaf, "December 25, 1941. We call this Sat Eve Post insurance. Merry Christmas. The Roushes."

Benji was interested in improving the lot of the patients at the Arizona State Hospital. He was on some committee or other and in the course of the lobbying for improvements he persuaded the State to change the administration. The new man selected was Dr. John A. Larson. By the way, the old superintendent -- a guy named Metsger -- refused to release a patient, even though the patient was diagnosed as free of any psychosis, because the patient was the best hog farmer Metsger ever had.

Larson believed in treatment. Metsger believed in custody.

John Larson was the man who invented the lie detector. Through Ben I met John Larson -- who was a very fascinating guy. He suggested that we buy a polygraph and he would show us how they worked.

This was the genesis of the Institute of Forensic Medicine -- a group consisting of Dr. Condon, Ben Roush, Captain George U. Young (of the Police Department), Paul Roca and Steve Shadegg.

It wasn't difficult to master the mechanics of the polygraph but learning to accurately interpret the records was something else.

In order to gain experience, George Young would bring the vagrants out of the City Jail on Sunday and we would run them on the polygraph to find out if they were wanted anywhere.

We turned up a startling number of fugitives.

Gradually the Sheriff's Office and some of the police departments around the state began calling on us to run their suspects. Larry Wetzel -- who recently retired as the Chief of Police -- told me at the Grand Canyon, with tears in his eyes, how many times our group had helped him eliminate the innocent and find the real wrongdoer.

We did polygraphic examinations for every Sheriff's Office in the state -- with the exception of the Pima County Sheriff's Office. Usually Ben and I would make the trips. Sometimes Condon would go with us.

Before we accepted a referral in a real life situation, we had conducted more than 1,000 examinations on volunteers and some who were not so voluntary. When we did accept referrals, we felt we knew what we were doing.

During the period of its existence the Institute of Forensic Medicine probably conducted 3,000 polygraph examinations. Once we erred in favor of a truly guilty person. Once we were confused by a psychopath. In all other investigations we were able to identify the truth-- eliminate the innocent -- and help to convict the guilty.

In the course of this operation I became the first polygraph expert whose testimony was admitted in the Superior Court.

Wally Craig was defending a woman named George charged with murder. Harold Scoville was the judge. And I was qualified to testify as to the results of a polygraph examination on the George woman -- who was ultimately acquitted.

Benji left the County Attorney's Office and moved to practice with Lewis, Roca, Scoville and Beauchamp. I don't think he was too happy in this association -- although he never complained to me about it.

In 1949 or 1950, I started to agitate for a new Little Theatre building. Ben and Paul Roca were extremely supportive. We raised the money -- we built the building -- and it stands today on the Civic Center. Benji played a leading role in the opening production -- which I directed -- of "Once In A Lifetime".

I rushed through the Institute of Forensic Medicine too quickly to explain to all of you that during that period Paul Roca, Ben Roush, Dan Condon, and Steve Shadegg frequently had lunch at the old Arizona Club. Paul Roca was a member -- he would sign the check and then we would all give him in cash the cost of our meal including our share of the tip.

Dr. Condon started calling the other members of the group -- particularly Ben and me -- "Doctor". It was Doctor Roush and Doctor Shadegg or Doctor Ben and Doctor Steve. This is how Ben Roush came to carry the term "Doc" throughout his lifetime.

The years the Roushes and the Shadeggs lived next door were for the Shadeggs the happiest years of our lives.

Genie and Betty were involved in the Junior League and for the League their civic work was the conduct of the Childrens Theatre. Each year they produced one or two plays and took them to the various schools where they were produced for audiences of school children.

About this time we conceived this notion of doing a radio series -- dramatizations of established fairy tales.

I wrote the scripts -- KOY donated the time and the production facilities. Al Becker was an organist who played the old junky organ. Ben and Betty, and Paul Roca, and Dan Condon and Betty Condon, and Marge Suggs, and a lot of people I do not remember played the various roles.

These are the records you children have on tape -- although the records are not very good because they are all old and scratched. I have the original records at my house and perhaps someday we can have a super electronic group reproduce them without the scratches. There are, I think, 13 or 26 fairy tales.

The Little Theatre was a big part of my life and in the Old Barn we produced "Mary of Scotland". Genie played Mary. We produced "Hay Fever" with Vi Dryskell, Jerry Wolfe, Ben Roush and Warren Hunter. I produced "Every Man" and we got Bishop Kinsolving to record the voice of the Lord, who calls every man. Then we started to raise the money for the new theatre.

CHAPTER 1

My mother was sent to California to die. She had tuberculosis. I remember the coughing, the bright red blood hemorrhages, which she spit out on a piece of newspaper and put into a five-gallon kerosene can from which the top had been removed. Mother thought that if we burned the papers it would prevent the spread of the disease.

I don't remember my father, beyond the fact that he smoked cigars and had a moustache. Everything else I know about him I heard from my mother. Considering their relationship, what she told us had to be colored by her sense of injury, her grief and her resentment. I know, because she told me that my father had a lady friend whose name was H. Knohr. I don't know whether it was Hilda or Heloise or Helen. All I know was she was a very bad lady, who took my father away from my mother.

I know my mother met my father while she was traveling, selling specialty items for Brown and Bigelow. She had gone to school in Kansas, earned a teacher's certificate, and taught for a time in Bulloit, which I think was in Mitchell County. But they didn't pay teachers

very much. Mother was adventuresome and she got a job selling calendars and whatever other specialties Brown and Bigelow made at that time.

I know my father was the son of a Lutheran preacher. They say he was a bishop sent as a missionary to Wisconsin. My father was in the boat and engine business -- 315 S. Third Street, Minneapolis, Minnesota. How I remember the address is Mother had some stationery she nourished and cherished for years and used sometimes to write letters.

I know my grandfather drowned. They said he had gone to get the communion wine on a Saturday night and sampled it as he walked back home across a tressel.

We came to Beaumont, California, my mother, my brother and me. I think it was 1915. My brother, who is three years older than I am, says it was 1916. At any rate, we came on the train, and Mother rented a house not far from the center of town that had a sleeping porch for her and a pullout for us. The man who rented it to us, he might have been the owner, gave me a small paper sack filled with toasted almonds. They were in the shell, but I had never had roasted almonds before and I think I made that little bag last at least a month. They grow almonds in Beaumont and Banning.

I think my brother and I went to a school which was only about three blocks away. We lived in a pie shaped corner, downtown wasn't more than a block.

It might have been the landlord, or real estate agents, or someone who Mother had met, but we did once go for a ride in an automobile. It was touring car and we went down the Jackrabbit Trail and

somewhere on that trip there was a big tarantula in the road. We all got out of the car and stared at it. We were told that it's bite was absolutely fatal, then the man killed it was a rock. When you are 6 or 7 years old "absolutely fatal" is pretty terrifying!

I don't know why we went to Beaumont. Mother had friends in Redlands, and I think a couple of years earlier we had spent one winter in Redlands. My rationalization now is that Mother knew she was going to die very quickly, she was very infectious, and even before we left Minneapolis my father had moved in with H. Knohr. All this made it difficult for Mother to be with people she had known who might ask questions.

We stayed in Beaumont perhaps six months and then we did move on to Redlands. Mother's friends were the Cheesemans. They were very old; of coure, a six year old doesn't know whether 50, or 60, or 70 is old. They lived on Center Street. Mr. Cheeseman was a carpenter, who once served on the Redlands City Council and had a very dim view of politics and politicians. The Cheesemans had two daughters who lived in Redlands. One had married Herman Westerbrook, a civil engineer who worked for the city. The other had married a man named Boffman who worked for the E. N. Cope Commercial Company.

There were about 10,000 or 12,000 living in Redlands in that time, and they all grew oranges or lived off the orange industry. The E. N. Cope Commercial Company was a big hardware store, where they sold dishes, hay, bailing wire and axes, and almost everything in between.

Mother rented a house at 208 West Colten. Orange Street is the main street. It goes north and south. Citrus and State and Central

and Colten and Lagonia go east and west. At the triangle, which is the corner of Citrus and Orange Street, the main drag makes a 45 degree left turn and goes up the hill. Now it is called Cahoon Street. The City Hall, the Southern California Edison Company, Frank Lodges Chocolate Shop, Hartwick Taxi Service were all at the triangle. The Presbyterian Church was on Cahoon Street, right across from the City Hall, and next to the Presbyterian Church was the office of Doctor John L. Avey. Across the street, up at the Masonic Temple, was the office of Doctor Burke. The streets crossing Cahoon Street were Olive, then Palm, then Cyprus, then Highland -- each about four blocks apart.

If you got above Highland you were where the rich people lived. The Kimberleys, who had made a fortune in paper in Wisconsin, lived at Prospect Park. The Hornsbys, who had developed H. O. -- some kind of an oatmeal cereal -- lived way out on West Highland, but it was really southwest Highland. Then there were the Smileys who lived in Smiley Heights. The foundation of an old mansion W. C. Green, the Arizona copper and cattle baron, had planned to build down the San Timateo Canyon and the main line of the Southern Pacific.

The house on Colten Avenue was owned by Mrs. Weese. She had a daughter who wore glasses and taught school, and a son who wore glasses and drove a laundry truck.

About six blocks west on Colten Avenue was Lincoln School. I think I went to kindergarten at Lincoln, but it might have been first grade -- it might even have been second grade.

The only real friend I had was John Prescott. John lived on a street parallel to Orange, between our house and Lincoln School. John

had polio and his leg was in a brace. When I would get to his street corner on Colten, I'd wait for him. He would come out of the house, see me, and run with a strange, stiff-legged gait. It was a hop and a jump and a brace, then a jump and a hop. His father was a distributor of Associated Oil products. I didn't feel sorry for him. I liked him. He had a brother named Howard and a sister, whose name I don't remember.

The house on Colten Avenue -- it was just half of house, the Weeses lived in the other side -- had canvas flaps for windows so Mother could sleep in the open air. That was the thing to do if you had tuberculosis.

Somewhere in my memories I know we went to Great Falls, Montana, where Mother lived in a tent and my brother and I lived with my father's sister and her husband. Their names were Routson and they had a millinery store in Great Falls. But because my mother truly hated my father, it was not a very comfortable stay.

The virtue of living in a small town is extolled by middle aged people who remember their childhood. Redlands was a small town, but it was rigidly structured. The working people, and the poor, lived in the northwest area. The middle class lived at various stages up the hill. The rich lived on the heights. There were two or three colored families. The Beales, Mr. Beale was a postman and his son, Eddie, was a talented trumpet player.

Hardy Price was a bootblack who worked at Phillip's Barber Shop on Orange Street. He was the kindest, most friendly man I remember in Redlands, and all the white kids were his friends. We called him Hardy and he called us by our first names.

From 208 West Colten we moved to 111 North Clay Street, about a block and one half north of Colten. This house had windows. There was a family up the street named Betherum. Mr. Betherum didn't apparently work anywhere, but the boys were strong and athletic and the kids admired them because they were tough.

When we moved to Clay Street we also changed schools and I went to Lagonia, which I think was named after an early California family.

My father came to visit us once when we lived on Clay Street. He stayed four or five days, or perhaps a week. He and my mother had some very loud arguments. He left and I never saw him again. I remember now, because my mother told me, that he died of poisoning. He had embraced the Christian Science religion and refused to see a doctor. That means he had an enlarged prostate, refused to have it treated or let some medical man use a Foley catheter. I think he was about 45 when he died.

From the house on Clay Street we moved to 208 West Lagonia. It was a cheaper house, it was also larger. It was just two blocks from Lagonia School, and I made friends with a boy named Lewis, whose father was the janitor at Lagonia School. He had an apricot grove about five blocks from Orange Street on West Lagonia. When the fruit was ripe, I was hired to help gather the apricots. Mr. Lewis would spread a canvas under the trees. Then he would shake the trees, the apricots would fall, and we would pick them up and put them in a lug box. We were paid three cents a lug for gathering the apricots, plus all the apricots we could eat. There was a cannery, where the took some of the apricots, and a dryer, where they took the others. When I was older I worked in the dryer. There we cut the apricots in half,

removed the pits, and spread them on cheesecloth trays to dry. My brother worked there too. He was probably 12 and I was 9. Most of the help were Mexicans. After observing their bathroom habits and their aversion to soap and water, then seeing them handle the apricots, it had been impossible for me to eat a dried or canned apricot since!

When we were in the house on Lagonia, my brother had a bicycle. He also was having problems with his eyes. He couldn't read. The medical men all said he was going blind. This, they said, was a result of a fall he had sustained in our house in Minneapolis, which had a second floor and a broad landing. He tumbled down the upper flight of stairs to the broad landing when he was six or seven.

A man named Hunter told my mother about a Doctor Ward, who lived in a house on the Sankee, north of Mentone. The Sankee was the creek that diverted water from the Mill Creek main stream and carried it into Redlands to irrigate the Orange groves. I think it was the Sankee because water tenders were called "sanharos". The irrigation was done in concrete flumes, with very small galvanized iron gates. The hole was only about an inch and a half or two inches wide when the gate was open, and this tiny stream of water was directed down furrows to feed the orange trees.

Someone took us to Mentone so my brother could be seen by Doctor Ward. He, we were told, was one of the founders of the Kirksville School of Osteopathy.

Of course, Doctor Ward found an osteopathic explanation for my brother's difficulty and told my mother he could help. Every week for at least a year my mother and my brother walked to Mentone to Doctor Ward's. My brother would push his bicycle -- it was all slightly uphill.

Then, after his treatment, my brother would ride the bicycle, my mother would ride on the frame, and they would coast back down to our house on Colten Avenue -- a distance, I guess, of three or four, or perhaps five miles.

In my adult years my medical friends have assured me that Doctor Ward's explanation for my brother's difficulty has no basis in medical truth. Doctor Ward said that my brother had injured his spine and knocked some vertabrae out of place, and these were pinching the optic nerve. Well, the medical men I have talked to about this all laugh and smile. But, my brother did recover his eye sight.

During this period, my mother read to us aloud. This is because my brother could not read because his eyes were bad, and every day -- sometimes for two or three hours -- Mother would read. Some of the books were great literature, some were popular novels. We became acquainted with Harold Bell Wright, Zane Grey, James Whitcomb Riley. She also read Tolstoy's "War In Peace" and "The Brothers _____". Why I remember just those titles, I cannot explain.

I do not know how much money my father sent my mother to live on, but I doubt it was more than $30.00 a month. Butter was a once or twice a year luxury, but we had chickens and rabbits.

Mother did not really approve of Lagonia School. My third grade teacher there was named Miss Norris, and Mother and Miss Norris had different notions about what a teacher should tell a child or how to discipline a child. At any rate, we moved from Colten Avenue to a house on Walnut Street. It was way up the hill, between Cyprus and Highland. There was room for rabbits and chickens in the rear, and we raised them. My brother and I would go to the houses of the rich

and offer to deliver skinned rabbits, which were quite a delicacy. My mother would kill the rabbits and my brother and I would deliver them on our bicycles.

There was a streetcar on Center Street. When we went to town, Mother always rode with my brother going down because it was easy downhill. After we had accomplished our purposes downtown, my brother and I would pedal back up the hill and Mother would come up on the streetcar. It cost ten cents.

When we lived on Walnut Street I went to Kingsbury School. Mother wanted to get down on Center Street, near her friends the Cheesemans, and we finally moved to a house on Center Street, just below Olive Avenue -- four doors from the Cheesemans.

Herman Westerbrook used to come over and play softball with my brother and me. We had great times. We played in the street because there wasn't any traffic, and Herman would always have somebody else with him and the neighborhood children would join in.

The Colemans lived across the street. Mr. Coleman was a carpenter and there were two boys, one named Ray and I don't remember the other one. Their mother was died and mr. Coleman did the housekeeping after work.

Down on Brookside there was Paul Wilcox and his little brother Donnie. The Sankee flowed through at the back of their property, and it was a great place to go and play.

From Center Street we moved to Linda Place. Mother, who had recovered from tuberculosis, bought a Model T Ford touring car, had a box built to go on one fender, and we had a bread and bakery route. Every morning we would drive down to Loma Linda, where they had a

magnificent bakery, fill the box with brown bread, white bread, rolls, doughnuts, sometimes pies and cakes, and then drive through the affluent part of Redlands. My brother and I would go to the door and asked if we could provide them with bread. Gradually the route built up, and I think Mother sometimes made as much as $25.00 in a week. At any rate, she made enough to buy the house on Linda Place.

My brother and I went to McKinley School. Then, some time, Mr. Hunter persuaded Mother to buy a popcorn wagon, and we did. It had a boiler and a little steam engine, which turned the peanut roaster and the popcorn popper. Each morning we pulled it from the small wood blacksmith's shop, where we stored it, to the corner of State and Orange, outside Campbell's Drug Store. There was a wooden platform we put down on the street and a little canvas rail curtain that went around the platform. We popped yellow popcorn in an oil called "coline", all of which we bought from some supplier. We roasted peanuts, sold popcorn, sacked the peanuts. Mother handled small candies. I think the popcorn made quite a lot of money. Of course it was cold at night. We couldn't go into Campbell's Drug Store for more than five minutes, but he had a circular seat around the column. It was upholstered in leather and it was great to go in and sit there on a cold, cold night and just get warm.

Across the street from the popcorn wagon, George McKinsey had a grocer and vegetable market. There were two McKinsey boys, Milton and Bob. Milt was a little older than I was, but we became very good friends. I thought he was rich. He once gave me almost a full package of firecrackers. George McKinsey was Scotchman. His prices were high and we couldn't buy anything there.

We sold the popcorn wagon and went up to Forest Home, where we had a grocery store. We would haul the groceries up in the Model T Ford. Sometimes we had to back up the steep hills because the gas tank would not feed the carburetor with the front end elevated. It had a transmission, and there was always the problem of wearing out the bands. The grocery store was probably fifteen by twenty feet at the most. We slept outdoors in a tent. We used a public toilet. It was the Old Chick Sell in the public campgrounds. We bathed in an iron tub, with Mother heating the water on a kerosene fired stove.

There was good profit in groceries because we added quite a bit to the price we paid in Redlands to compensate for the hauling to Forest Home. We were in a community of leasehold summer cabins. There was a resort about a mile below us called Forest Home, where a man named Frank Carroll had hotel rooms and a dancehall and a restaurant. Then about a mile or two away there was a fish hatchery. There was fishing on Mill Creek.

Mother, who was a great cook, made doughnuts. She made them every morning just as the sun came up. My brother and I would go around to the home owners and ask if they would like to buy some doughnuts. Each morning we would sell perhaps twelve or fifteen dozen doughnuts. I think Mother charged thirty cents a dozen.

Then she made friends with a man named Igoh, who had a store down at a junction of the Forest Home Road with the Mill Creek Road. Mr. Igoh had burros that were used by the Southern California Edison Company in the winter time to pack in supplies.